

Don't hurt the children, because their parents are terrifying

OC OC

"... We've just received word of new information being released by the council pertaining to the current war with the void."

a lanky being appears on the screen, a human and a recognisable one at that. Nathaniel Harvey, the one and only ambassador for humanity to the council. He started speaking. "Good day, I will keep this brief, the ongoing conflict with the extra-galactic threat dubbed 'the void' has been stagnating. After their initial grand push into our space we have been able to push them back and regain half of the lost territory. However due to the abhorrent treatment of all citizens and planets that fall under their control and the stagnation of the frontlines we have decided that more drastic measures should be taken. Before we can do that we need to come clean, tell you our true history."

People were already interested, as seeing a normally cheerful human be so cold was worth their attention. But now, well it could be said that the whole galaxy with an intranet connection fell silent. Human's history was messy at the best of times, most humans didn't even know the truth. All most knew was that they had to abandon their homeworld for one reason or another, and were found about 200 cycles later as a nomadic tribe, a true voidborn race. This was why they didn't have an official seat at the council, as they don't have a government, just a diplomatically appointed representative, which just so happens to be the kindest and most sociable person they could find. But it was often thought that some humans did know the truth, they just didn't want to say, or remember, no one knew.

"You know what we are, we are nomads. Gipsies to use an old earth word. We live on your worlds, we move, we trade, we love and we help. We are these things because we know what we can be, we feel it. That is what we have always said and those foolish enough to test us have had the misfortune of knowing of our darker side. However that is not the whole story.." He looked down, the man unilaterally known as the most happy person in the galaxy looked sad, disappointed, disgusted.

Humans were tall, not overtly so but just enough to be noticable. They were lanky, not the strongest by a mile, but one of the most well respected. The galaxy knows that they are trustworthy as long as you respect them, and if you don't they can be a threat like any other. Due to their nature both biologically and situationally they were the perfect middleman for trade and diplomacy and so could be found throughout the galaxy. However in a time of war like this, while they were formidable opposition in space, they could do little but help. So seeing a message from them, this widespread, in a time of war was odd.

"We lied to you, we do know what happened to earth. Of Course now, generations later, many don't know. Even in our own species the amount of people who know are probably in the quadruple digits... We weren't always this unified in our philosophy of life. Back on earth we were divided, on that one planet there was more disagreement and strife than across the entire galaxy. That is why we fell in love with this Galaxy. However we realised early on that that much conflict in ideology cannot coexist, but we also did not want to wipe each other out over it. So we all came to an agreement. Once we cracked FTL we saw an

opportunity. We voted and agreed, and those who wished to do away with the barbaric ways of old would take to the stars. We would take with us the genetic material and information of everything we could. However those who did not want that could stay. Stay with the old ways of doing things. A truly barbaric way of life. Quite honestly, when we first left we had thought.. and hoped that they would wipe each other out. Rid the Universe of our worse half, however that is a naive train of thought." He stared off into the distance, readying himself, to all military personnel he looked like an officer who had just gotten orders to glass a world. He knew what must be done, but also knew the ramifications of it.

"They survived, and thrived in their way of living. We know this as we see it happening. We have a permanent base on their moon to accept any newer generations of people who want to join us.

As most of you know our own tech is mostly amenities, things to improve the lives of ourselves and those around us. We have built stations and ships able to house all species, farms to feed any who need it, and a shoulder for those to cry on. On the other hand they have spent all their efforts on themselves, arms, genemolding, cybernetics. All to 'protect' themselves from the 'other'." The amount of vitriol in his words was palpable.

"It must be hard to believe these words, so here, evidence to the warning we have come here to share with you." The screen cuts to video of some form of quadrupedal beast of iron, making a correct measure of the beast is impossible, but if trees were anything to go by it was quite small. Smooth tube-like metal muscles were intertwined with hard protruding spikes. Its face was featureless, except for its jagged mouth, a sensor suite of antennae and other instruments dotted the back of its head like hair. it stood up, this was no quadrupedal war machine. It dawned on all who watched that this was the *other* humans.

It looked into nothingness for a while, and then charged. It hit another of these humans and a battle took place that none could truly describe. Their mounted weapons did little at range, both parties being too agile and well-armoured to get any damage. Until they collided. The dirt that was kicked up under their feet when they locked in combat was comparable to the brace of an artillery gun when it fires. To untrained, or just bad, eyes it looked like a feral fury of two beasts, no rhyme or reason to the attacks. That was until one side executed a perfect sweep with its leg, something even the most amateur fighter knew was a precise move in this situation. When the second one fell, the first wasted no time in picking 2 up and smashing him a couple more times on the ground before stomping with his feet on 2's head. 1 triumphantly stood on the metal corpse of 2 and opened its jaws to let out a roar. There was no blood anywhere, but the caved-in helmet, a basic understanding of human physiology, and seeing a human's mouth under the metal jaw of 1 was all the confirmation they needed. They now know all that ambassador Harvey said was true. then a single question remained, but the video cut back to the ambassador.

"I think that shows you all you need to know.....

My friends, we are losing this war. Our long kept secret can win us the war. But we did not want to release them onto the galaxy without telling the whole truth. We are sorry for what we must do, but we can't afford to lose our friends. The earthlings aren't demons, but they can be if they want to.

And after giving them our plight, the plight of our friends and families.. they want to. We will win this war, but we are afraid you will never see us the same way again, never want to be our friends again... But that is a good deal in our eyes, to save those we care for.

So for the Void, who will inevitably see this, run. Be terrified, because we called our parents, and while they might be shitty parents they won't let their children, and our friends, get bullied any longer."